

105

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T H E

VILLAGE WEDDING:

O R, T H E

FAITHFUL COUNTRY MAID.

A PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT OF

M U S I C.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

A T

R I C H M O N D.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. HINGESTON, in the Strand, near Temple-Bar.

And sold at the THEATRE.

M D C C ~~C~~ L X V I I.

THE

VILLAGE WEDDING:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FATHERFUL COUNTRY MAID.

OF A PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT OF DUBUIN.

M. U. S. C. WOMEN

MRS. BAKER

MRS. LOVE

THEATRE ROYAL



THEATRE ROYAL, VILLAGE WEDDING.

LONDON.

LONDON.

THEATRE ROYAL, VILLAGE WEDDING.

THEATRE ROYAL, VILLAGE WEDDING.

THEATRE ROYAL, VILLAGE WEDDING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

COLIN, - - - - - Mr. DIBDIN.

SHEPHERDS.

W O M E N.

PHILLIS, = - - - Mrs. BAKER.

KATERN, - = = - Mrs. LOVE.

SHEPHERDESSES.

SCENE, Fields and Meadows about a Country Village.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VILLAGE WEDDING.
M. E. K.

Comic, - - - - - Mr. BROWN.
ACT I. SCENE I.

WHO WILL BE

Princess, - - - - - Miss BROWN.
Lovers, - - - - - Mr. BROWN.
Lovers, - - - - - Miss BROWN.

Altogether, - - - - - who was with us all.
Lovers, - - - - - who were with us.

SCENE II. The Village of the County of York.

Ye have the best of me, and the best of me.

So please you, the best of me, the best of me.

The more I love you, the more I love you.

And when I love you, I love you, I love you.

Not that I love you, but that I love you.

When I love you, I love you, I love you.

THE

THE
VILLAGE WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

FROM hated nuptials, and a stepdame's eye,
O help me god of spotless love to fly !
Dear native fields, where peace was wont to dwell,
Unhappy Phillis, bids your sweets farewell !

A I R I.

Ye brooks that soft tinkling along the sweet grove,
So pleasingly mimic the murmurs of love,
No more to your mirrors shall Phillis repair,
And view the poor face, that her swain said was fair ;
Nor pleasure, nor use, for your streams now I see,
Unless 'twere to drown both my sorrows and me.

Thou

8 THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

Thou grove, where so oft, by the light of the moon,
My Colin and I, heard the nightingale's tune;
How vainly, alas, the soft whispering breeze,
In amorous fannings now ruffles the trees;
Nor grove, tree, nor zephyr, can bring me relief,
Unless 'twere a willow to stifle my grief.

Enter COLIN, disguised like a sailor.

COLIN.

What plaintive voice is that I hear?
What sorrows strike my list'ning ear?
'Tis she, for whom, with am'rous heat,
I feel my flutt'ring pulses beat;
Now, now, with art
To sound her heart,
While hid beneath this close disguise,
In borrow'd form I cheat her eyes.

AIR

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

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A. I. R. II.

Leave weeping, fair maid, and attend to the tale

Of a lad who bids sorrow be far ;

Let not grief dim your eyes, or your beauties assail,

While in sight of a *jolly brisk tar*.

As on the broad world of wide waters we stray,

When the clouds have envelop'd each star ;

Still we laugh, drink, and sing ; no gloom finds its way,

To the heart of a *jolly brisk tar*.

When the waves rise in hills, and the busy winds roar,

The planks, and the cordage may jar ;

But the noise that wou'd scare a poor lubber on shore,

Cannot ruffle the *jolly brisk tar*.

While the deep thunder rolls, and the keen lightnings glance,

While the cannons proclaim the loud war,

The sailor can whistle, the sailor can dance,

Still at ease is the *jolly brisk tar*.

Then hasten, fair maid, give a lover your hand,

Who so quickly your sorrows will mar ;

All the joys you can wish, you are sure to command,

In the arms of a *jolly brisk tar*.

B

PHILLIS;

PHILLIS.

Cease, wanton youth, thy loose unthinking strain,
Nor try to move my virtuous grief in vain.

But (for within your tender heart,
Sure gen'rous pity claims some part)
Tell, if on distant seas or shores,
You've seen the swain my soul adores?

COLIN.

Describe the man whose charms can move
Your yielding breast to sigh for love?

PHILLIS.

Ah, with what words shall I reveal,
'Tis past the pow'r of art to tell
The worth of which my love's possess'd,
Recorded in my faithful breast.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

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A I R. III.

Let fillier maids admire a face,

A fickle form adore !

An air, a motion, or a grace ;

And seek for nothing more !

To nobler, better thoughts inclin'd,

I doat upon my Colin's mind.

What tho' possess'd of ev'ry charm,

That pow'rful love can dart,

He might the coldest bosom warm,

And win the hardest heart ;

I give such trifles to the wind,

And only prize my Colin's mind.

When foremost in the mazy dance,

With conqu'ring grace and air,

I've seen my lovely youth advance,

And triumph o'er the fair ;

How far thought I, above his kind,

How far excels my Colin's mind.

COLIN.

And is it Colin then, fond maid,
 That has thy easy heart betray'd?
 How soon the lass, whom love deceives,
 The falsest of the sex believes!
 In India, to another bride,
 In wedlock's bands, I saw him ty'd.

PHILLIS.

O dreadful tidings! can it be!
 My Colin false! and false to me!
 How often has he vow'd and swore,
 The sun, the stars, should be no more,
 Nature's eternal course should change,
 Ere he wou'd rove, ere he wou'd range.

A I R IV.

PHILLIS.

The constant stream its current pours,
 And gently laves it's native shores;
 Ne'er from the destin'd channel strays,
 But, pleas'd, pursues its watry ways;
 Ah, why should Colin, more unjust,
 Desert his course, and quit his trust;
 Back from the vows he lavish'd turn,
 And with another passion burn.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

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COLIN.

The streams, impetuous, as they pass,
Kiss ev'ry bord'ring knot of grass;
Unnumber'd beauteous pebbles lave,
That freely taste the passing wave;
Why shou'd the youth, that vent'rous roam,
Leave all their gay desires at home?
And cease the pleasures to improve
That roll along the tide of love.

PHILLIS.

Like nature let me still abide,
On various pleasures never dream;
Still faithful as the certain tide,
Still constant as the gentle stream!

COLIN.

Like nature let me still abide,
On various pleasures ever dream,
Still faithless as th' uncertain tide,
Inconstant as the roving stream!

PHILLIS.

Ah, how can various faces charm?
'Tis constancy's the soul of love;
Let one true fire my bosom warm,
None can be happy while they rove.

COLIN

Nought can like various faces charm!

Inconstancy's the foul of love;

Let many fires your bosom warm,

None can be happy till they rove.

DUETTO.

PHILLIS. Ah, how can } various faces charm.

COLIN. Nought can like } various faces charm.

PHILLIS. 'Tis constancy's } the soul of love.

COLIN. Inconstancy's the lord of love.

PHILLIS. Let one true fire my } bosom warm!

COLIN. Let many fires your

BOTH. None can be happy { while } they rove.
 { 'till }

[EX. PHILLIS.

Enchanting maid ! dear proof of constant love !

What youth but must my faithful vows approve ?

Off fond disguise!—let me at once proclaim,

Colin's return, and boast my happy flame!

AIR

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

25

A I R V.

In the arms of my fair,
I'll banish despair;
And give to the winds all my sorrow and care.
How sweet after absence the charmer to find,
On whom the soul languishes, constant and kind.

[As he is going out, Symphony of the chorus
is heard without.

COLIN.

But hark what chearful sounds arise,
And beat against the vaulted skies!
As yet, concealment round me thrown,
I tread these pleasant fields unknown,
To see what joys transport the grove,
Let me one moment steal from love.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Meadow, with Preparations for a rural Wedding.

SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

FULL CHORUS.

Hail the happy nuptial hour!

Deck the happy bridal bow'r!

All the joys that love can bear,

Cimon shall with Phillis share.

SHEPHERDS, &c.

CHORUS.

He the richest of the swains,

She the fairest of the plains.

FULL CHORUS.

All the joys that love can bear,

Cimon shall with Phillis share.

Enter COLIN.

COLIN.

Too sure I dream, and these imagin'd sounds,
Or else my footsteps move o'er fairy grounds;
Can Phillis? — No; 'tis monstrous! — Yet 'tis true,
I heard her wedding nam'd, with Cimon too!
She has forsook me then, and idly sold
The precious stores of truth for paltry gold.

Enter KATERN.

KATERN.

Haste, shepherds, haste; the bride is fled;
She scorns the swain, she loaths his bed.
Behold this paper — read her mind —
“ I'll ne'er my fate to Cimon's bind;
“ Nor wealth, nor pride, nor flatt'ry's art,
“ Can blot my Colin from my heart;
“ For him I fly, for him I rove,
“ My guardians truth and conscious love.”

C

COLIN,

COLIN.

O fickle wretch! disloyal youth!
 To doubt such dear; such rigid truth! [Aside.
 Haste, shepherds, haste! — I'll lead the way!
 Colin's return'd — the bride will stay;
 I'll end the rites with better grace,
 And with consent fill Cimon's place.

[Exeunt COLIN, SHEPHERDS, &c.]

K A T E R N.

Is it a vision that I see?
 Colin return'd — and lost to me!
 In vain I plotted — feign'd him dead,
 And fix'd a rival in his stead.
 But hold — perhaps his Phillis, in despair,
 May fly from life, to fly from care;
 If so, I'll all my graces arm,
 Surely I'm not too old to charm.

A I R

A I R VI.

To fix the dear creature,
I'll rouse ev'ry feature,
Smile, languish, coquet and carefs;
To the airs and the graces,
That help the best faces,
I'll add the allurements of dress.
First faintly denying,
Then gently complying;
I'll steal to his soul cupid's dart;
Then fighting for pleasure,
I'll yield up my treasure,
And reign the sole queen of his heart.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter COLIN.

COLIN.

AH, cruel fate! in vain I tread
 The tufted grove—the flow'ry mead;
 No trace of Phillis can be found;
 Her footsteps shun this cursed ground.
 Dissembling wretch, thou caus'd her fly,
 Now learn to loose her, and to die.

AIR

A I R VII.

How happy the time was that once I enjoy'd,

Ah how pleasant it fled away !

When Phillis was with me, I could not be cloy'd,

It was rapture and love all the day.

The fresh morning smil'd, and Phillis smil'd too ;

What on earth was so lovely as she ?

When first his gay beams were impress'd on the dew,

Not the sun was more welcome to me.

The brightness of noon, by her beauties improv'd,

Was with eminent lustre array'd ;

My pipe gain'd the praise of the fair that I lov'd,

As we carelessly sat in the shade.

Still ev'ning came on, and my pleasure encreas'd,

With an innocent dance on the plain ;

The night too I spent in delight, and was blest'd ;

For I dreamt all these joys o'er again.

But Phillis is lost, and old time may go mad,

Ev'ry morn shall be clouded with care,

The noons shall be languid, the ev'nings be sad,

And the nights be consum'd in despair.

Enter

Enter K A T E R N.

K A T E R N.

I come, dear youth, to ease at once thy smart,
And offer up my fond, my yielding heart;
No more then languish for inferior charms,
But take a worthy treasure to thy arms.
In me possess the mistress of the plain,
For whom contending shepherds sigh in vain.

A I R V I I I.

Happy youth, for whom providing,
Fortune opens all her treasure!
Happy youth, for whom deciding,
Love decrees his choicest pleasure!
All my riches here I tender,
All my beauties thus surrender;
No one, sure, with sense or eyes,
Can such real charms despise.

C O L I N.

Away, detested wretch! nor dare prophane,
The shrine of love, with off'rings base and vain!
Thy wealth!—thy charms!—prepost'rous fiend!
Go, and prepare, with frequent pray'r,
And think upon thy latter end.

A I R

A I R IX.

COLIN and KATERN.

COLIN.

Ah, Phillis, thy charms with new lustre arise,
While thus I am teaz'd by a wretch I despise;
Return, my dear angel, if yet thou wouldst save
Thy languishing swain from the brink of the grave.

KATERN.

Confusion! rejected! my favours abus'd!
Have I liv'd to be told that my suit is refus'd?
Such a curs'd disappointment, what damsel can bear!
Assist me, revenge,—or I die with despair.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of the Country.

Enter PHILLIS in boy's cloaths.

PHILLIS.

In manlike dress, my outward form deceives,
While soft within, a female coward heaves ;
Ah, poor attempt ! no art can move
The rooted force of mighty love.

A I R X.

When virtuous pangs the bosom fire,
'Tis vain to struggle, vain to fly ;
Nothing can quench the fond desire,
To quit the tyrant, is to die.

The slighted maid, from endless pain,
No balmy med'cine can secure ;
With faithless vows, hope strives in vain,
The heart, once broke, admits no cure.

Enter

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

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Enter COLIN still disguised.

COLIN.

If fellowship in woes may bring relief,
Behold, fond youth, a partner in thy grief;
Alike with love's distracting pangs I burn,
And mourn the hours that never shall return.

PHILLIS.

Can gentle love its tender laws impart,
And pierce, with gen'rous pangs, th' unfeeling sailor's heart?

COLIN.

Pity me, gentle youth! — In this disguise,
I mock'd my cheated fair with idle lies;
The gen'rous maid, too easily deceiv'd,
My falshood from my own feign'd tale believ'd,
And from her lover fled. — What means the boy!
Your colour fails. — You faint —

PHILLIS.

Too pow'rful joy!

'Tis Colin's self — Awhile in secret burn,
And let me tease the rebel in my turn.
Your tale distress'd mine ear — Unhappy maid!
Pale on the greensward, I beheld her laid.

[Aside.

D

While

While round her clay-cold corps the shepherds stood,
Who snatch'd her reliques from the murm'ring flood.

COLIN.

'Tis done — th' accursed deed of death !
I've robb'd the lovely fair of breath ;
Prepare, ye shepherd swains, prepare !
With solemn sadness strew the bier ;
Unmourn'd ! — Unpitied — lo ! I come
To join her in the dreary tomb.

A I R XI.

Ghosts of wretches kill'd with care,
Dismal victims of despair !
Haunting still the dreary caves,
Ling'ring o'er untimely graves ;
 With hollow groans,
 And fearful moans,
Sighs from vault to vault rebounding,
Screams from fainting echoes sounding ;
 Hither haste, in grim parade,
And hail with shrieks your fellow shade !

PHILLIS.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING. 27

PHILLIS.

Enough deceit has play'd its part,
Triumph'd enough o'er each fond heart.
Ah, Colin, can thy soul be true,
And Phillis yet escape thy view?
Methinks, fond love wou'd lend thee aid,
To find, disguis'd, a love-sick maid,

COLIN.

Transporting blifs! — O happy swain!
Repeat the charming sounds again!
Phillis is found — my heart is gay!
Dull night restores the chearful day.

DUETTO.

COLIN and PHILLIS.

COLIN.

No more I sigh, no more I mourn,
 No more shall Colin be distress'd;
 The hours of comfort now return,
 And peace and pleasure swell my breast;
 While my blessing,
 Thus careffing;
 What can happiness do more?
 How enrich the precious store?

PHILLIS.

Leave my bosom, care and anguish!
 Phillis has no room for sorrow!
 This the last fond day I languish,
 Ev'ry blessing waits to-morrow;
 When my lover
 I recover,
 What can heav'n itself do more?
 How encrease the precious store?

COLIN.

COLIN.

Swift, let us shun th'impending storm;
Lo! hither bends an angry form!
The fury, Kate — she comes apace,
And passion lightens in her face.

PHILLIS.

By thee protected, I despise
The rage that flashes from her eyes;
Free'd from the pow'r of female spight,
Her disappointed malice flight.

Enter KATERN.

KATERN.

No more I come, proud swain, to offer love,
Or tempt thy scorn my passion to approve;
Justice demands me now — and bids thee tell
The fate of Phillis; — how the virgin fell.
Thy curfed arts, we've cause to fear have slain
The fairest, sweetest damsel of the plain.

TRIO.

T R I O.

COLIN, PHILLIS, KATERN.

COLIN.

Ah, pity my case! — let me 'scape from the law;

See, see, I am ready to cry!

Ah, save my disgrace! — do not keep me in awe!

This youth did the murder, not I.

KATERN.

Which youth did the murder?

PHILLIS.

Not I.

COLIN.

Not I. — This youth did the murder —

PHILLIS.

Not I.

KATERN.

My fury shall tear —

COLIN.

What; when men are so few!

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

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K A T E R N.

The whole curfed race I defy. —

C O L I N.

Don't, pr'ythee, defpair !

P H I L L I S.

Nay, but think what you do,

'Twas he that refus'd you. —

C O L I N.

Not I.

'Twas he that refus'd you. —

P H I L L I S.

Not I,

Not I,—'twas he that refus'd you —

C O L I N.

Not I.

P H I L L I S.

PHILLIS.

Dear Colin cease, and end the tale,
Leave Kate her errors to bewail ;
Secure, at length, from all alarms,
And safe within thy Phillis' arms.

K A T E R N.

Phillis's arms ! 'tis so I see !
The torments of my destiny !
Mad as the seas, the roaring wind,
O, how I hate, I curse mankind !

AIR

A I R XIV.

Come, in all thy terrors drest,
 Burning rage; and fill my breast;
 Nothing can have pow'r to ease me,
 Nothing ever shall appease me.

Love to giddy vengeance turning,
 Hate with eager malice burning,
 All that wrath and fury can,
 Blast the false deceiver man!

[Ex. in a fury.]

P H I L L I S.

Thus truth shall o'er deceit prevail;
 Thus virtue triumph — falshood fail!

C O L I N.

Thus ever vice shall be distress'd,
 Thus faith and constancy be bless'd,

A I X R XV. A

COLIN.

Tho' with pain and grief surrounded,
 Constant hearts are honour's care;
 Virtue for a moment wounded,
 Should not thence admit despair.

PHILLIS.

Truth o'er vice in triumph rising,
 All its baffled spite disdains;
 Faithful love, mean art despising,
 Certain happiness attains.

Enter SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES, &c.

COLIN.

My Friends, this hour be given to chearful play!
 Let jocund music chase all care away!
 Phillis and peace return again,
 Let ev'ry lass, and ev'ry swain,
 Improve the pleasures of the plain,
 And joys unmix'd—unbounded reign.

A DANCE.

Full

THE VILLAGE WEDDDING.

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FULL CHORUS.

Happy state of rural pleasure!

Innocence is all our treasure;

Chearful, jocund, blithe and gay,

Smiling, laughing,

Briskly quaffing,

Sporting all the hours away;

Full of health we dance and sing,

Happier than the happiest king.

F I N I S.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

Full Cross

Happy state of rural pleasure!

Innocence is all our treasure;

Cheerful, jocund, blithe and gay,

Smiling, laughing,

Brilliant dancing.

Spontaneous and away;



Full of health we pass the day,
Happier than the

THE END